The World in My Eyes by by_no_one_more_than_me (Lady_Cleo)

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Genre: Depeche Mode - Freeform, F/M, My First Work in This Fandom, Rorschach fic, Song Lyrics, it's whatever pairing you see in it
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Relationships: David Harbour/Original Female Character, Jim "Chief" Hopper/Original Female Character(s)
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Summary:

She plays Depeche Mode when she wants something...

The World in My Eyes

Author's Note:

> okay, so in the Stranger Things universe, Depeche Mode exists but this song doesn't. (it was on the Violator album from 1990 and along with Personal Jesus and Policy of Truth is one of my top fave DM songs.)
> But this is also a fic where you see who you want to see in it. If you think Hopper is experiencing a bit of a musical time jump with an OFC, then do the Hopper dance and rock on. If the delectable Mr Harbour floats your boat a little better, then run with that and enjoy. If there's a F/M (or M/M or whatever) that you ship and you see them in this, Mazel Tov!
> As for me, the song came on the radio, the first line of this story leapt into my brain in glowy scarlet lettering, and 25 minutes later this was done. That was also 3 months ago, and I lost the paper I wrote it on, and as soon as I found it (thank the gods of unpacking) I decided to post it.

Let me take you on a trip...

She plays Depeche Mode when she wants something.

The things he knows about her are finite and far outweighed by those he doesn't. That he's learned anything of her in a time so short it can be quantified in days or weeks but not months is nothing short of remarkable.

Like her.

Like this thing growing between them. A living organism of emotion, spawned in the breath that hovers between parted lips. A flame, gentle and present now, but if left unchecked will it flicker and fade or grow to warm that cold spot he's carried and buried so deep it was thought forever lost? That subterranean of subconscious that might

not be able to withstand light so long absent, no matter how needed?

What will she profess, confess, as these chords fade into silence? If he lets it, will the flame soothe or rage, heat up the cold universe or burn his world to ash?

He sees it dancing in the depths of her eyes and can't bring himself to care as long as she never leaves.

Let me show you the world in my eyes....

Author's Note:

comments feed my soul.